

me sufferings—days and nights of  
dreadful, dreadful pain—was going to last  
longer I'd be the doctor. But I'm  
certain sure about it. He says I'll die  
within six months."  
And there's no possibility of your recovery?" Phelim O'Rourke inquired, with  
a singular manifestation of interest.  
"You've got to be here, and do nothing but  
suffer, and wait for death!"  
"Blush man, the priest said that. 'It's  
the truth, but don't speak it to her.'"  
The priest and the neighbor had  
begged good night and departed.

#### CHAPTER II. MICKY AND THE WITCH.

At daylight next morning, Micky  
started for the stockyard at the river's side  
underneath Washington Heights, driving  
the pig before him. He felt full of Irish  
patriotism, for was he not almost taking a  
pig to the fair? And wasn't the proceeds  
to go to pay the ground rent of his doomed  
cabin, before the eviction of his family, and  
demolition of the structure? Micky  
lighted his pipe, and as he trudged along  
the road would whistle a bar or two of some  
reel or jig between the whiffs of his "du-  
dchen," while his mind was filled with  
Lady Maud's request to bring up Nora as  
her own. "Why not?" thought Micky.  
"Heaven knows we have as much as we  
can do to bring up the little wren, and if  
we can't get her to be more for the rest,"  
and then, in an ashamed of this selfish view  
of the matter, he muttered: "No! give away  
me own flesh and blood? No; better stave  
forest." And then the idea of Nora be-  
coming a fine lady and riding in her car-  
riage, while people would take off their  
hats to her, took possession of his brain.  
"Why not, indeed? Sure, she's as  
pretty as Lord Lorton's daughter, and  
maybe I'd get a chance to be a gatekeeper  
or a roadmaster. I could be rich as a  
king!"

"G'long there, ye devil!" said Micky, as  
the pig tugged at the little wren, and if  
with the natural disposition inherent in  
pigs to go the wrong way, he darted be-  
tween Micky's legs, upsetting him. The  
pig slipping from his neck, the pig tugged  
at the road he had come, Micky picked  
himself up and ran in pursuit with many a  
wild and wicked oath. "Bad luck to ye when  
a racer; but I'll pay ye off for this when I  
see ye!" said Micky, as he followed the  
pig, which he did after a long chase, he  
struck upon a new idea. "I'll put the pig  
around his waist, and then, then, be-  
cause, I can drive him either way."  
The stockyard was reached in an hour,  
and Micky sought a purchaser, but no one  
would be interested in the pig. Micky  
saw them in the pens by the thousands, but  
they had come by carloads from the West,  
and there was nobody to buy one pig.  
Nora passed without giving poor Micky an  
opportunity to display his change.

"Come here, quick," said he, addressing  
a little ragged boy. "Hould this darlin'"  
while I go to take a bite. 'I'm hungry, and  
if you'll let me have a bite, I'll give you  
a whole pig." And giving the pig in charge of the boy,  
Micky skipped off to a shebeen, where he  
disposed of two great pieces of bread and  
took three joggles of whiskey in the space  
of an hour.  
Just then an old friend of his, one Tommy  
Kane, came by.

"Ah, ah, Tommy! how are ye, me bold  
boy?" Come here, me neighbor, me bold  
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Now Tommy took a turn at treating, and  
down went two more joggles. By this time  
Micky was half-drunk, and the thought of  
the pig took possession of him.  
"Hould here, Tommy," said he, refusing  
another glass. "I'll drink no more till I see  
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"Here is the owner," said the boy, who  
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It was quite dark when Micky started  
homeward, and with much difficulty he  
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He was now approaching a deep cut in  
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been in his blood since the morning, and he  
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rock by the roadside.

"I'm not so much as I am, as if from afar;  
so soft and distant that the faintest sound  
came to Micky's bewildered ears. Nearer  
and nearer it came; now a trifle louder, now  
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light at Micky's feet became strangely  
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healed his eyes next day from Phelim  
O'Rourke. The man's face had new  
wrinkles, his form was bowed, his eyes were  
restless, and his language disconnected.  
"Sit down," said the lawyer, "and  
tell me the story of your life, from the  
drop into a chair in a way that indicated no  
care for bodily ease."  
"Can anything more be done for Dolf?"  
he asked.

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and crush a thousand of them yer wee feet."  
"I never mind them," said Micky, "as  
long as I can get a drink of whiskey."  
"They can take care of themselves; they will  
leave us at the door."

And sure enough, the moment Micky and  
his companion reached the door of the  
cabin the tiny guardians flew away, and  
the lighted Irishman entered the cabin.  
The cabin was a small, but comfortable  
place, with a fire burning in the hearth,  
and a table set with a bottle of whiskey  
and a glass. Micky and his conductor en-  
tered the cabin. Across at the back stood  
a long table, and on it were arranged  
various bottles of various colors, and  
with a bound the old fairy jumped on the  
counter, and dancing a tattoo with his  
summerset, he began to wrinkle old  
leathery skin and wrangled face.  
"Do you know me, Micky Begg?" she

healed his eyes next day from Phelim  
O'Rourke. The man's face had new  
wrinkles, his form was bowed, his eyes were  
restless, and his language disconnected.  
"Sit down," said the lawyer, "and  
tell me the story of your life, from the  
drop into a chair in a way that indicated no  
care for bodily ease."  
"Can anything more be done for Dolf?"  
he asked.

#### CHAPTER III. THE TRAGEDY ON THE ROCK.

Twelve strokes on the bell in Mrs. Skel-  
ley's clock announced that the minute hand  
had again overtaken the hour hand. The  
Skelleys lived in a hut at the base of the  
rock on Elmwood Hill; and in their eyes  
the Begg and the O'Rourke, on their so-  
cial and their physical altitude, were al-  
ways objects of pitying interest.  
"Midnight," an Lord rest me tired eyes,"  
said Mrs. Skelley, as she stopped peeping  
out through her keyhole with her right eye  
and began with her left; "it's me be laife  
that O'll be a squinter the rest me be laife  
after this night's watchin'."  
"Then come to bed, ye old boshuk,"  
cried Mr. Skelley, "rest both yer eyes  
an' sleep!"  
"What now, ye buckram," she said in a  
whisper; "Dolf Begg is goin' up the  
stairs, an' that's what ye've been waitin' for."  
He opened the door of the Begg residence  
called the "Rock" at the knob, and en-  
tered Mrs. Skelley's door came simultane-  
ously ajar, and her head was thrust out.  
Her eyes were both wide open, and her ears  
were pointed out like a bat's. She could  
have had her way. By going up the stairs  
of the stairway and listening cautiously she  
could hear the mingled voices of Dolf and  
Mrs. Begg. In order to get a better view  
she went to the door, and she could see  
them. Then Mrs. Skelley heard Dolf's  
hand on the knob; but he did not turn it  
quickly, as on entering, and she had time to  
retreat down the stairs, to retire to her hut,  
and lock the door. She could see them  
merely crack, through which she saw him  
come down. The color of his face had  
changed from red to white, bravado  
had given place to terror, and the  
glorious solace of his boots had  
become velvet. He thrust a bunch of bank  
notes into his breast pocket and glanced this  
way and that in trepidation. He instinctively  
turned from the daylight of a street  
lamp, as he passed close by Mrs. Skelley's  
door, and in doing so looked into a window  
pane, which, having darkness on the other  
side, reflected the light of the street lamp.  
The uneven glass distorted his features; per-  
haps a true image was so different from his  
usual that in his dismay he did not  
recognize it. He certainly recognized from it  
that he was looking at Mrs. Skelley's right  
eye, and he saw that it was staring at him  
frightful apparition, properly disappearing  
downward.

Mrs. Skelley did not stir until her husband  
called to her to come to bed. She  
was tremblingly shut the door and sat down  
speechless in a chair. It was a full minute  
before she found voice to say:  
"They are going home now; the revelry is  
over; they are laughing and chattering over  
the grand success of the affair. The hand-  
some fellow in the Russian uniform is  
the lord of the manor; but see, his eyes  
are red with drinking, and as he bids his  
guests good night can hardly stand straight  
on his legs."  
"You are right," said Mrs. Skelley, "but  
the guests are not yet home. You see the lady with  
the pretty pale face at his side. Her sad  
and careworn features tell the story—she is his  
wife. See, they are putting out the lights;  
the guests are about to depart."  
Hovering over the castle Micky and the  
witch sailed again downward.

"I'll show you the inside of the castle  
now." They were now over Ireland and near a  
very large castle-fashioned building.  
Lights streamed from its main windows;  
long rows of carriages, with liveried ser-  
vants, stood in front of the entrance. The  
pavement in front of the hall; the porch  
was crowded with fair ladies and fine gentle-  
men, the latter assisting the former to put  
on their wraps and shawls.

"Come here, quick," said he, addressing  
a little ragged boy. "Hould this darlin'"  
while I go to take a bite. 'I'm hungry, and  
if you'll let me have a bite, I'll give you  
a whole pig." And giving the pig in charge of the boy,  
Micky skipped off to a shebeen, where he  
disposed of two great pieces of bread and  
took three joggles of whiskey in the space  
of an hour.  
Just then an old friend of his, one Tommy  
Kane, came by.

"Ah, ah, Tommy! how are ye, me bold  
boy?" Come here, me neighbor, me bold  
Micky. And another drink was the result.  
Now Tommy took a turn at treating, and  
down went two more joggles. By this time  
Micky was half-drunk, and the thought of  
the pig took possession of him.  
"Hould here, Tommy," said he, refusing  
another glass. "I'll drink no more till I see  
ye." And he zig-zagged back to the pig.

"Here is the owner," said the boy, who  
by this time had got tired of his charge, and  
was talking to a well-dressed man; Micky  
saw the man that owned the pig.  
"Do you want to buy him?" asked  
Micky, addressing the man, who was an  
overseer.

He laughed at the proposal first, but  
seeing that Micky was in earnest, he listened  
to it. A bargain was struck and the pig  
transferred to the custody of the new  
owner. Micky was left with the she-  
been, and the "lock penny" with his  
old friend Tommy Kane. Drink after drink  
was now the order of the day, until Micky  
had spent a dollar and a half, and had re-  
ceived for the pig, and was so drunk he  
could hardly stand. Tommy had dropped in  
at dark corner of the shebeen and gone  
home.

It was quite dark when Micky started  
homeward, and with much difficulty he  
picked his way through the park skirting  
the Hudson and the river, and reached his  
cabin. Micky was not so drunk as he had  
been, but he was still a trifle tipsy. He  
opened the door, and the light from the  
letter told him that Lady Maud and her  
desire to adopt little Nora. And as he staggered  
from one side to the other he heard his  
cousin say: "The little wren had been  
leidy, and me, her father, will be a gen-  
tlemen, begorra."

He was now approaching a deep cut in  
the road of one hundred and forty feet.  
This was a place where Elmwood tradition  
said was peopled with fairies. But Micky  
was filled with courage, for the whiskey had  
been in his blood since the morning, and he  
for man or devil. So, with an effort to  
steady his legs, and wrapping his long coat  
around his face, he boldly plodded on. He  
had not proceeded far when he came to a  
mill before the whiskey began to die within  
him and he felt impelled to sit down on a  
rock by the roadside.

"I'm not so much as I am, as if from afar;  
so soft and distant that the faintest sound  
came to Micky's bewildered ears. Nearer  
and nearer it came; now a trifle louder, now  
dying away in the distance. Suddenly the  
light at Micky's feet became strangely  
illuminated with tiny glass lamps, which  
hung like lighted dewdrops from each blade  
of grass, while hundreds of little figures,  
little men and women, came and went,  
green, danced and leaped about keeping  
time to the fairy music. These tiny crea-  
tures were not larger than pins, yet were  
perched in form and action as if they were  
men and women, and they were in the  
merriest set, and clapped their hands with  
glee, and they laughed and shouted in the  
moonlight. Presently from their midst  
came a queer looking old man, with a  
large red nose and the most comical  
features. His little eyes had a merry twinkle,  
and though he was no bigger than Micky's  
little finger, he pushed aside his com-  
pansions, who were all pretty white with  
esteem, for they ceased their dancing and  
shouting at his approach, and bowed most  
respectfully to him as he came. Micky  
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said: "Oh, beaded, that is a queer party I've  
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